

RURAL REPOSITORY.

A Semi-monthly Journal, Embellished with Engravings.

ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM.

W. B. STODDARD, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME XXVII.

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, APRIL 5, 1851.

NUMBER 13.

TALES.

From the Boston Traveller.

WHAT SENT ONE HUSBAND TO CALIFORNIA.

A TALE OVER TRUE.

MR. WARREN left his counting-room at the hour of one to go home to dinner. He sauntered leisurely along, for he knew by long experience that dinner never waited for him. As he turned the last corner he ran into the arms of a man who was advancing at a rapid pace. Each stopping to adjust a hat after such a collision, instantly recognized the other as an old acquaintance.

"Why, Harry, is it you?"

"Pon my word, Charley! where did you drop down from?"

"From the clouds, as I always do," said Charles Morton. "You, Warren, are creeping along as usual. It's an age since I met you? How goes the world with you?"

"After a fashion," said Warren; "sometimes well, and sometimes ill. I am quite a family man now, you know—wife and four children."

"Ah, indeed! No, I did not know that; I have quite lost track of you since we were in Virginia together."

"Come, it is just our dinner hour," said Mr. Warren; "come home with me, and let us have a talk about old times."

"With all my heart," said Mr. Morton; "I want to see the wife and children too. Has the wife the laughing black eyes and silken ringlets you married in imagination long years ago, Harry?"

"Not exactly," said Warren, without returning very heartily his friend's smile. "My wife was pretty once, though; she was pretty when I married her, but she is a feeble woman. She has seen a great deal of illness since then, and it has changed her somewhat."

By this time at his own door, Mr. Warren, with some secret misgivings, turned the key, and invited his friend into his small but comfortably furnished house. Glad he was, indeed, to meet him—but if the truth must be told, he would quite as soon it had been after dinner. He would have felt easier could he have prepared the lady of the house to receive his guest. For his part, he would have killed the fatted calf with great rejoicing; but to set his wife, children, house and table in a hospitable tune, required more time than he could now command.

"Sit down," said he, ushering Morton into the best parlor. "Take the rocking-chair, Charley; you have not forgotten your old trick of always claiming the rocking-chair, have you? Stop—a little dust on it." Out came his pocket handkerchief, and wiped off, not a little but a great deal of dust. "Never mind," said he, "make yourself quite at home, while I go and hunt up the folks—will you?"

Mr. Warren thought it prudent to close the parlor door after him, that all unnecessary communication with the rest of the house might be cut off. His first visit was to the kitchen, to ascertain which way the wind blew there. If Betty, the old family servant and maid of all work, was in good humor he had little to fear. No one could better meet an exigency when she had a mind to the work. He opened the door gently.

"Well, Betty," said he, in conciliatory tone, "what have you got nice for us to-day?"

She seemed to understand, as if by instinct, her importance, and was just cross enough to make a bad use of it.

"Got? why the veal steaks, to be sure, you sent home; I don't see what else we could have."

"Have you anything for dessert?" was asked in the same gentle tone.

"I s'pose there's a pie somewhere."

"Well, Betty, I wish you would get up a dish of ham and eggs, if you can. We are to have a gentleman to dine with us, and the dinner is rather small."

Betty looked like a thunder-cloud. "You'll have to wait a good while I guess, then—the fire is all out."

"Put on some charcoal," said Mr. Warren; "here, I'll get it, while you cut ham; now, do give us one of your nice dishes, Betty; nobody can cook ham and eggs like you, when you are a mind to. Where is Mrs. Warren?"

"In her chamber, I s'pose," said Betty, sulkily, adding in an under tone, not exactly intended to reach her master's ear—"where she always is."

He did not hear it, however, and with a foreboding heart he went to his wife's chamber.

The room was partially darkened, and on the bed, in loose sick gown, with dishevelled hair, lay, Mrs. Warren. Her hand rested on a bottle of camphor, and on the stand at her side was an omniscient bowl of water with a wet cloth in it.

"Juliette, my love, are you ill?"

"Ill! what a question to ask! I told you half a dozen times this morning, I had one of my headaches; that's just all you mind about me."

"I am sorry, but I really thought, Juliette, it would pass off. Shall you not feel able to come down to dinner?"

"No, I am sure I shall never want anything to eat again; it seems as if these headaches would kill me."

"Where are the children?"

"I don't know, I am sure; I can't look after them when I am sick. If Betty can't do that, she had better not try to do anything."

"I wish you would make up your mind, Juliette, and come down to dinner; I have an old friend to dine with us—Charles Morton, of whom you have so often heard me speak. He has come on purpose to see my wife and children."

"Dear me! how could you bring company home to-day, when you knew I was sick. I don't believe I could hold my head up, if I was to try." And closing her eyes, she pressed both hands on her temples.

Mr. Warren said no more: he would not urge the matter. He made up his mind to dine without her; and with a sigh, he slowly returned to the parlor. Had he spoken out his honest feelings, he would have said—"What a misfortune it is for a young man to have an ailing wife? My servants rule—my children are neglected—my house is in disorder—my wife does not like it because I do not make a fuss over her all the time—and something is the matter continually. If it is not one thing, it is another—and I am weary of it."

He found his friend still in the arm-chair, busily reading a scrap book which was on the table; fun danced in his eyes, and twitched at the corners of his mouth, and as soon as he caught sight of Warren, he burst into a merry peal of laughter. Warren could not resist it, and he laughed full five minutes before he knew what the joke was. It was only something in the scrap book which had brought to remembrance an old scrape they had had together—but the laugh worked like a charm with him. His family troubles seemed to vanish before it, like mists in the morning. A more manly courage was aroused in him: he was a better and a stronger man.

"By George! Charley," said he, something like the Harry Warren of other days, "it does one good to hear your old horse-laugh again." An animated conversation ensued, and it was some time before Mr. Warren remembered that they had not yet dined.

"We are not going to starve you out, Charley," said he, "but my wife is not able to be about to-day and our cook, I see, is taking her own time."

Excuse me a moment, and I will go and stir her up by way of remembrance."

Much to his delight, the bell rang. He was saved the trouble of bearding the lion twice in his den. As he was going to the dining-room with his friend, a troop of ill-dressed and noisy children pushed by them and hurried in great disorder to their seats. Mr. Morton spoke to them, but they hung their heads. He was somewhat embarrassed. He felt that he ought to take some notice of them, and yet it seemed as if it would spare his friend's feelings not to notice them. He took hold of the wrong horn of the dilemma.

"Which most resembles the mother, Harry?"

"The boy nearest you, I think," was the short reply; then, as if obliged to add by way of apology, "I am very sorry that Mrs. Warren cannot come down to-day, but she has one of her bad headaches."

"She is coming," said one of the children; "she says she s'poses she must."

Morton pretended not to hear this speech. He saw that something was wrong in his friend's domestic life. Had he then married unfortunately? I shall be sorry for him if he has, thought Morton; he deserves a good wife; a better-hearted man never breathed.

Warren's sunshine was fast vanished, though his dinner, it is but justice to Betty we should say, was well cooked; yet his table needed the lady.—No clean napkins were there; no nice salters and shining spoons graced it; no order and elegance of serving made it attractive. Betty had no eye for the fancy work. But the food was good, and there was an abundance of it, and the gentleman would have enjoyed it, if the children had not been so troublesome.

When the dinner was about half over, Mrs. Warren made her appearance. Welking in languidly, she took her seat at the head of the table. She still wore her loose-gown, over which she had thrown a shawl. Her hair was still uncombed; her eyes were dull and heavy in their expression; and her eye-brows were elevated. She looked as if she felt miserable. "Ah, Juliette," said Mr. Warren, slightly coloring, "I did not know that you would feel able to come down. Let me introduce you to my old friend, Mr. Morton."

"Mrs. Warren bowed.

"You have been suffering with a headache to-day, my friend tells me," said Mr. Morton.

"Yes, I suffer nearly all the time," was the reply; "if it is not one thing, it is another. I am almost discouraged."

"Oh no, Juliette, it is some time since you have had a bad turn," said her husband.

"Only last week," was her short reply; "your memory is not very good on this point. I believe you think I can help being sick."

Mr. Warren tried to laugh off this thrust; but there was no heart in it. All sociality vanished with Mrs. Warren's presence, and all peace, too; for the children acted worse than ever. Mr. Morton suffered for his friend, and was much relieved when they were again by themselves in the parlor. He could have forgiven the want of glossy ringlets and laughing eyes, but he could not forgive the want of good humor in Harry Warren's wife. He felt as if his friend had been taken in; he pitied him; and firmer than ever was his determination to run no such hazards himself.

So much of Mr. Warren's time that day had been occupied with his friend, that it was quite late before he was able to leave his store. He went home weary in body and mind. How much he needed to have things comfortable and cheerful around him there. But, much as he loved his family, he found neither rest nor pleasure at home. Work for them he would like a dog, from morning to night; but when the day's toil was over, there were no home attractions for him. This night it would have been a comfort to him, could he have just thrown himself down on the sofa and taken his book: but he knew well enough this would not answer. He knew that his wife had been watching to hear his steps, and would feel hurt if he did not go up to her at once. So, with a sigh, he went into the dusky chamber. As he expected, his wife was on the bed.

"Do you feel any better, Juliette?"

"Better? no! It seems as if I should go crazy. Those children will kill me. Do, pray, Mr. Warren, send them off to bed, or hold my head, or do something. I thought you never would come home."

The air of the sick room, perfumed as it was with camphor and ammonia, oppressed the weary man. He said he would go and send the children to bed. This was easier said than done. The children were tired and cross, and full of wants, and Betty would not help him in the least. Patience and perseverance, however, got the last little urchin into his nest. "Now go to sleep, boys," said he, "your mother is sick to-night, and I must not hear a word from you."

"Seems to me, mother is always sick," said Henry.

"Then, Master Henry, it is your duty always to keep still; remember that, will you?"

It was after eight o'clock before Mr. Warren had a chance to eat any supper. He went to the dining-room. His tea had stood until it was quite cold; his toast was cold; and a dim light cast a jaundiced light over his uninviting repast. He, however, was used to such things; indeed, he hardly expected anything different. The meal over, he drew his evening paper from his pocket and read it, feeling all the time like a culprit. He knew that he was expected in that oppressive chamber, and that the minutes of his delay were counted.—After nine, it was—the clock was on the point of striking ten—when he re-entered it. Camphor and ammonia were strong as ever, and the headache too, to all appearance.

"Can I do anything for you, Juliette?"

"Do anything! I might die for all anybody would do for me. What made you come up at all?"

"You know very well, Juliette I had to put the children to bed, to get them out of your way, and tired as I was, I never got a mouthful of supper until almost nine o'clock. I have done the best I could."

He said this in a tone which showed that he was both irritated and hurt. Once, Mrs. Warren would have been much grieved, and would have sought earnestly to heal the wound which she made, but, being sick so much, was fast making her selfish. It was only of self she thought.

"I wish you would not complain of me," said she, bursting into tears; "I have as much as I can bear without being found fault with."

"I was not finding fault with you, Juliette, but a man can't do more than he can do."

Juliette continued to sob; her husband was silent. When at length they slept, it was with chilled affections and heavy hearts, and their slumbers were neither sweet nor refreshing.

Several years passed, and Mrs. Warren's health did not improve. She seemed to have made up her mind that she must suffer, and that people ought to pity her, and did not expect her to do anything. The sunshine that had once been about her, vanished; she spoke at all times in a distressed tone of voice; a doleful expression became habitual with her. She made no exertion which she could avoid; she shirked every care which could be avoided. Mr. Warren and Betty must see to things. Now Betty was no house-keeper; she could do hand-work, but not head-work. She did not understand economy. She used up what she had without thinking of to-morrow. It was not her to be bothering as to how the two ends should meet. Such management at home, together with the increasing wants of the family, required a good income. Mr. Warren's business gave him a comfortable living, but it was not quite equal to filling up empty flour-barrels which had a hole in the bottom. He began to run behind and to feel discouraged. He got into debt and then going on from bad to worse, he became completely disheartened. His family was a drag on him. He could not tell his wife of his troubles,—if he did she only cried, and said she was sure she could not help it; she did all she could when her health was so poor. She thought he might have more feeling for her than to complain. He therefore formed his own plans in silence.

One October morning Mrs. Warren awoke with one of her sick headaches. Finding this to be the case, she went to sleep again, and it was quite late before she awoke the second time. Dressing herself at her leisure, she went to the dining room. Some cold breakfast stood waiting for her, which she partook of alone—neither husband or children were there. At dinner she met her children, but no husband; he had not returned. This provoked her a little. "He stays," thought she, "just on purpose because I am ill. I'll keep out of his way I guess for one while." With this generous resolve she took to her darkened chamber, her camphor and ammonia, (which she knew to be particularly unpleasant to him,) and her bandages and ice-water. Tea-time came but not Mr. Warren. The children had their supper and went to bed. Eight—nine—ten o'clock struck. Mrs. Warren sprang from her bed and called Betty. "Betty, where can Mr. Warren be? Here it is ten o'clock and he has not yet come."

"I declare, Miss Warren, I don't know what can have become of him. There, now, I do remember. 'Twasn't but yesterday he, paid me up all my wages, and paid a quarter in advance because, he said, he had the money by him and might not have it by and by. Then says he, Betty, says he, if I should not be home one of these nights you need not be frightened. I have got to go off on some business, and may not get back. You need not keep the doors open after ten for me. I won't tell Miss Warren, says he, she'll worry.—Them's the very words he said. Now I'll bet, that's where he's gone; and he won't be here to-night."

More in anger than sorrow, Mrs. Warren consented to this arrangement, and went back to her solitary chamber. Seldom thinking of any one but herself, she settled in her mind that Mr. W. had chosen this particular time to attend to his business for no other reason than to get rid of one of her headaches. She lay awake until midnight, brooding over his supposed unkindness. She really hoped that he would come and try his door and find it fast, that she might have the satisfaction of hearing him go elsewhere to seek lodgings; for she had fully determined not to let him in. Twelve o'clock struck in the old church steeple. No sound but the heavy tread of the watchman was heard; she then gave him up, and "nursing her wrath to keep it warm," at length fell asleep.

It seemed as if she had but just fallen asleep when Betty very unceremoniously burst open her door, slamming back the shutters to let in the grey light of morning, "Miss Warren," said she, "do for gracious see what this means." Here was the market boy a thumping me up a full hour before time, and he set down his basket and run like shot, and I opened it, and what should I see right on top but this letter for you, from Mr. Warren. Something or other is wrong, you may depend upon it."

Mrs. Warren, trembled with impatience, broke the seal and read as follows:—

"Dearest Juliette:—Don't be frightened now into one of your poor turns. Nothing very dreadful has happened or is going to happen that I know of. Read my letter quietly, and take what cannot be helped as easy as you can.

"My business has been running behind hand for a good while. Every year I have found myself deeper and deeper in debt. It wore upon me dreadfully, and I made up my mind at last that I could not stand it so for a great while. I never liked to talk to you about it; you always seemed to have troubles enough of your own. The other day when I was looking over my accounts, a friend came in to ask me if I would sell out. He wanted to buy, and offered me a fair price. "But what shall I do?" said I. Go to California," said he; "there is a splendid chance for you—a ship sails next week." He said so much that I took his advice. I sold out, paid up all my debts, paid your house rent for two years in advance, and Betty one quarter ahead. After this was all done, I had but just enough to fit me out, and fifty dollars over which I enclose for you. It will answer for the present.—You can by and by let your house and go home to your mother if you think it best. I have no time to think or plan for you now. I will write as soon as I can. When you read this I shall be far on my way if we are prospered.

I love you Juliette, and my children, and it is for your sakes mainly, that I have taken this step. You could none of you bear poverty. I go in the ship Emily. I will write you all the particulars by the first opportunity. Keep up a good heart, now; depend upon it I shall come home a rich man: gold is plenty as blackberries in California, and I am not ashamed to dig. I have strong arm and a stout heart. Kiss the children for me, and tell Betty I won't forget her if she will do well by you when I am gone. Believe me that I am still yours affectionately. "HARRY WARREN."

The reading of this letter, as might be imagined, was followed by a fit of hysterics, and shrieks, and floods of tears, and wringing of hands. At one time

Mrs. Warren would call her husband the greatest savage living. Then again she would soften down into grief, like that of the children who mourned over him as over one dead. Between them all and her own sorrow, Betty had a hard time of it that day. However, she stood at her post bravely; with coaxing and scolding, she managed the children succeeded in quieting them, and before night Mrs. Warren was more calm. Betty had such wonderful stories laid up in some little corner of her brain about the gold in California, how many people she had heard of who had come back as rich as Croesus, that Mrs. Warren could not but listen. Then Betty was so sure that Mr. Warren would make his fortune; he was just the man for it: that the hysterics finally had to yield to the golden visions. Still Mrs. Warren passed from this state into one of settled melancholy, and continued so for many weeks. She took no interests either in her house or children. She gave money to Betty and let her do as she pleased with it. If they had anything to eat, it was all very well; and if they had nothing, it was just the same. She neither went out nor saw any one at home. Her time was spent between the sofa and bed. If she tried to divert herself with anything, it was with very light reading, but generally even that required more effort than the chase to make. The children learned to keep out of her way; she could bear no noise, she said, and they did not like to be with her. Still she had been so long inefficient in her family, that she was not much missed; they were accustomed to do without her.

One day Betty came in as usual for money. Mrs. Warren went to her purse, and to her utter amazement found that she had but one ten dollar bill left. She handed it to Betty, and with the empty purse in her hand she sank down into a seat. For the first time it flashed over her that there was a bottom to her purse—and who was to refill it? She had been so absorbed by her own selfish sorrows, that she really had not before given the subject a thought. She was overwhelmed at this discovery. What was now to be done? What should she do? Where should she go? Roused by this stirring necessity, her mind began to work with vigor. Plan succeeded plan, and thought thought, in wild confusion. She would go home to her mother. She would not go home to her mother; the children would kill the old folks. But she must go home to her mother; a poor deserted wife, with four children on her hands; the shame of it would kill; she would beg first. But, what could she do? I'll keep school. I should be shut up in a hot room with a parcel of children. I could not live one month and keep school. Then I must fill up my house with boarders? What could I do with boarders, sick as I am all the while. I hate house-keeping, I cannot bear care! Wide gaped the empty purse still. She flung it down, and herself too, on the carpet, and wept like a child. "My children must have bread, and I must get it for them;" Ah! how those tears feel for them; the first tears which had fallen for any one but self.—They softening parching heart, and refreshed it as summer rain the thirsty earth.

"I will not go home," said she, rousing herself with a sudden energy. "I believe that I can, and I will support my family. I know it is in me, I will fill my house with boarders. I will get a living, and I will get about it before my last dollar

is gone." Back went the clasp of the empty purse, and its gaping mouth was silenced.

Juliette Harwood had not been like Mrs. Warren. She had both energy and sweetness of character, when Henry Warren wooed her. The seeds of future misery, however, had been carefully sown by her over indulgent mother. If anything ailed Juliette, it was a great affair. She was nursed, and tended, and babyed, and never allowed to exert herself at all. She was brought up to feel that everything must yield to her poor feelings, so that when after marriage, her health really became somewhat delicate, she had no resolution to meet it. As we have seen, she became selfish and indifferent. Another day had now dawned, and the latent energy of Juliette Harwood, must come forth to Juliette Warren. That kind heart and strong arm which had so long supported her, had been taken away. Now she had no one but herself to depend on.

"I will take boarders!" This she settled, and with promptness went immediately about it. For the first time since her husband's departure, she went out on a week-day. She went to her husband's friend, Charles Morton. Mr. Morton could scarcely refrain from expressing his astonishment when he heard her proposal. Sad misgivings he had as to its success; nevertheless he promised to aid her. Indeed he knew then of two young men who were looking for just such a place. As they were near by he offered to go at once and see them. Mrs. Warren sat down and awaited his return. The young men accepted the offer, and wished to come next day. This was pressing matters hard. Mrs. Warren calculated, on some weeks, at least, for preparation,—she knew she must get used to effort; but here it was, she must take the boarders at their time, or lose them. She decided to take them.

Betty as yet knew not a word about the matter. "Would she consent to remain," anxiously thought Mrs. Warren, "to remain and work so much harder." Then she had her own way so long. "Would she bear a mistress?" If she should go, how was her place to be supplied?—She had been so long in the family, she knew everything they had and where it was kept. Mrs. Warren felt her ignorance. She would have to go to Betty to ask about everything. Yet if she would go, she must make up her mind to it for here she was, her boarders were engaged. More than anything else she dreaded breaking the subject to Betty. This was her first trial; it was a severe one, and we must not blame her too much because woman like, she sat down first and had a good cry over it. But crying did not help it any, and time passed. She wound up her resolutions once more and called Betty.

"I want to see you a few minutes, Betty."

"I am busy now, I'll come by and by."

"I cannot wait, Betty. I want to see you now."

The very unusual tone of decision in which this was uttered, surprised Betty into instant obedience.

"What do you want of me?" said she rather pettishly, as she entered the parlor.

Mrs. Warren's heart sank. "I want to talk with you, Betty, a little about my plans. I've got to do something for a living. My money is all gone, I gave you the last dollar this morning."

"The land! Well, I've been expecting it, this

some time. I spose now you will go home to your mother."

"No, I have decided not to go home. I am going to fill my house up with boarders, and two are coming to-morrow," said she, making a desperate effort to get the worst out.

"Well, if that ain't a pretty piece of work," said Betty, her face turning all manners of colors; "and you think I am going to take care of you and the children and a house full of boarders into the bargain, do you? I tell you, Miss Warrens I won't slave myself to death for nobody."

"I did not think you would," said Mrs. Warren, slowly and sadly. "I had about made up my mind that you would leave me, and I should have to get another girl. I will go to the office now. You will stay, Betty, long enough to teach her the way round, won't you?"

Betty looked thunder-struck; she could not immediately speak.

"And you sick all the time," said she at last. "You can't do nothing. How will you look going down and seeing to dinner with one of your headaches, I should like to know?"

"I expect it will come hard on me, Betty, but I cannot help it; it must be done. I have made up my mind to it. You will stay with me a fortnight, won't you? I don't expect to get any one to fill your place, you have been with us so long let me see, now, ever since Henry was born; you seem like one of us. Do, for my sake, Betty, try and make it easy for me to break in a new hand. I will go right out now and see what I can do."

Mrs. Warren began to tie on her bonnet.

"Well, if this ain't pretty times," said Betty, her face becoming redder and redder, while her voice grew husky; "do you think, Miss Warren, that I am really a going to leave you in a pickle? I guess I can work as hard as you, any day and if we can't both of us together get victuals, and drink for the children, why, we'll give it up. When I am gone you can get another gal, if you are a mind to."

So Betty remained and took hold of her new labors courageously. This was an inexpressible relief to Mrs. Warren. Indeed, it is somewhat doubtful whether she could have gone on without her.

Her house filled up rapidly, and unwearied exertions and care were necessary to keep it in order. After some severe struggles with her old habits of indolence and indulgence, she came off conqueror. She found out there was such a thing as keeping illness confined within its proper sphere—that is, to the body, while the mind might go free. She found out that throbbing temples and disordered nerves could be made to obey as well as rule. At those times when, if left to the dictates of her own feelings, she would scarcely have dragged one foot after another, she found out that she could step about her day's work, and briskly, too. Every victory gained made her stronger. Then, in addition to this moral renovation, her health really improved. She found there was no doctor for her like "have to." Her cheeks became ruddy and her eyes bright, and her mind awoke to cheerfulness and activity, in the pleasant society which was now about her. Juliette Warren, in a few months, was very much changed, as one would have seen could they have gone with Betty to her

chamber, when, for the first time since the day the boarders came, she carried up a meal to her on the bed, with her mending basket by her, thimble on, work in hand trying between the paroxysms of pain, to set a few stitches.

The land! Miss Warren, said Old Betty, "if I was so sick as to go to bed, I am sure I would not sew."

"O, I must I cannot afford time to be sick."

"Well, now, if I shall not give it all up!—What do you think Mr. Warren would say to see you? I'll bet he wouldn't believe his own eyes."

Mrs. Warren made no reply, but this remark of Betty's went like an arrow to her heart. In an instant a gleam of light shot across the past. As if by a sudden revelation, she saw at a glance all its mistakes. Days, months, nay—years were marshalled before her; through all of which she had been the sick, complaining, inefficient wife and mother. She was almost overwhelmed; she had never seen it so before. Scene after scene crowded upon her mind in which she had taxed her husband's patience to the utmost. And what had she given him in return for all his kindness? Nothing. His home had been uncomfortable, and his money had been wasted. Now she could see plainly enough why he left her. Now she felt how deeply she had wronged him. She longed to throw herself at his feet and implore his forgiveness. All her early love for him revived in its intensity. "O my God," she exclaimed in a burst of grief, "spare him; O spare him to return, that I may make some amends for the injury I have done him, and that he may know of my patience and love."

For many days after this, Mrs. Warren carried an aching heart. It required a prodigious effort for her to make exertion in this state of feeling; but it had to be done. Even sorrow could not be indulged in selfishly.

She sought some comfort by writing to her husband, stealing time for this from her sleep. These letters, by the way, never reached him neither did his reach her.

At this time also she formed another plan which was a comfort to her. She determined to lay by every cent which she could possibly spare from her earnings, hoping to collect at least a small sum towards assisting her husband in setting up in business, should he come home as poor as he went. This gave her new motive for exertion. She gave her whole mind to her business. Her house was popular; her table was filled to overflowing; her affairs were well managed. She was, as she deserved to be, for there were not ten ladies in the city who made more effort, she was successful. Her children were put out to the best schools. They improved rapidly in mind and manners. Henry was a great help to her; he was a manly little fellow, with his father's kind heart.

Betty continued to rule in the kitchen, tho' a stout girl was brought into service under her. The boarders always knew Betty's cooking—no one else made things taste quite so well; so she kept on her way, doing her full share of the fretting and scolding, and her full share of the work too.—She never let her mistress go ahead of her; on her feet she would stand, "as long as Miss Warren, she knew," if she was tired enough to drop.

One morning Mrs. Warren was presiding as

usual at her cheerful breakfast table. She looked the personification of health and neatness. Her soft glossy hair was brushed back under an embroidered cap, which was tied with rose-colored strings, deepening a little the shade of the peach blossom on her cheek. A neat morning dress, fitting her trim figure, was finished off at top by a white collar which encircled her white throat. She was handing a cup of coffee, when she heard the front door open. As her table was full, she sat down the cup and listened. Steps were heard on the stairs. Mr. Morton entered the dining room and a gentleman followed—a stranger was he? His sun burnt face was almost concealed by immense moustaches and whiskers. He was stout and short, and singularly dressed. A stranger was he? Eye met eye, and heart leaped to heart, and with a scream of joy she sprang to meet her husband. Yes, it was he; there he was, safe and sound, toils and dangers notwithstanding, safe in his own home—the wife of his early love restored to him—his children, boys of whom any man might be proud shouting around him—and there in the rear, faithful old Betty, wiping her eyes with the corner of her apron, and crying, because, "she did not know what on earth else to do."

As we are strangers, it would be polite for us to withdraw with the boarders, and leave the family to their well earned joy; but we cannot refrain from stealing by and by away from the children up stairs with Harry Warren and his wife into the old chamber. No camphor and ammonia are there now, I promise you. How they set down in the old arm chair together, and Juliette told over her story, showing the purse which, when empty with gaping mouth, preached to her so loudly and fearfully one day, and what effort and toil it cost her to fill it, and how much good the toil had done her. Then, with trembling voice and bowed head, lingering on that night of bitterest sorrow, when Betty gave her the key of the past, and she saw how, thro' excessive selfishness, she had sinned. How her heart had asked for her husband's forgiveness. Then came the plan she had found comfort in.—With glistening eye and trembling fingers how she snapped open the purse before him, and showed to him her little treasure of hoarded gold, hoarded for him alone; how she poured it all out into his dark brown hand, while the tears big tears, rolling down his swarthy cheeks, dropped upon it. He, weeping over a little heap of yellow dust, who in California's mines had gathered it, by the spade full. Yet, not California with all her golden treasure could have purchased for the grateful man what this had given him.

We must not linger over the opening of the old chest, which was so well freighted with native ore, enough for all, Betty included, and enough, we presume, to set Mr. Warren up in that very handsome store, where we last saw him.

Juliette Warren is still in comfortable health, an energetic woman, and a first rate housekeeper. If ever she finds herself "running down," as they say, she takes to her old *Doctor Have to* and it no necessity is laid upon her for exertion she lays it upon herself. Long life and happiness to them and their children.

Should there be any wives who have not yet been able to find out what sent their husbands to California, Juliette's history may give them a little light on the matter.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

TWO SCENES FROM REAL LIFE.

BY GEO. S. L. STARKS.

EXPERIENCE is the great teacher of mankind inasmuch that it has grown into a proverb, that he who best observes, and brings into practical use what he thus learns, prospers most. So it is that the merchant makes his fortunate speculations. Thus, though poor in the beginning of life, yet the pomp of wealth and luxury may gleam upon its closing scenes.

And now, dear reader, I will tell you something that fell under my observation, and which afforded me a useful lesson. I was at the time teaching school in a place which shall be nameless; and as "boarding round" was the order of the day, you may be sure I witnessed some strange and instructive scenes. It was my fortune one week to domicile with a family by the name of Hilton. They were not possessed of a great amount of this world's goods,—but was that any reason why they should not be happy? Cannot poverty and happiness abide under the same roof? To answer this last query in the negative would be very absurd. And we know that the worm is engaged oftener in gnawing the very heartstrings of those the world call great and wealthy, than of those who thread the humble walks of life.

But they were far from being contented. Not that the thought of being poor, was galling to them. No, the cause lay deeper. I remember one night Mr. Hilton came home from his work tired and cross,—though this last was customary. He was employed in the open air, and as it had been a bitter cold day, he had become chilled through; but the fire of his passions burned as bright as ever. His wife was not unlike him. After sitting a few moments he pulled out an old glove, and tossed it to her, saying as he did so,—“There, Gitty, I wish you'd take more pains with your work. I believe you get lazy as you grow older.”

“I guess if you worked as hard as I do,” exclaimed his wife petulantly, “we should get along better. You are so careless it's no use to fix any thing for you.”

“Confound the women! Always complaining and snivelling. I wish I had known as much before I got married as I do now.”

“So do I,” responded his now enraged partner. But I will not trouble you with the particulars of this family quarrel. You will find it comparatively easy, I think, to decide upon the cause of their unhappiness. They had never learned to govern themselves. You would have known the character of the parents by merely looking at the children. So true is it, that those little creatures, whom we often consider unobservant, mirror forth the dispositions of those who are with them most. So habituated were they to snapping and snarling, that they could engage in no play, but it was sure to end in a fight, a whipping, crying and pouting. And thus it was from day to day, and from year to year. Time brought no peace to that unhappy family.

A little while after this I found myself boarding at the house of Mr. Melville, a man of about the same station in life as Mr. Hilton, and with

the same number in his family. But what a contrast was there between the two! Here all was neatness and order. Plenty seemed to “sit smiling at their board,” and yet he was no richer than the other. It was really a treat after a hard day in school to sit down in their neat little parlor and look silently upon the fair picture presented to view. The husband and wife sitting by the stand; the one reading, sometimes aloud, and the other sewing,—or else they would drop the book and work, and engage in cheerful conversation. The children gambled joyously and freely, tho' quietly, around. There were no disputes arising, for they were innocent and happy. Their parents had by example inculcated that most important principle of yielding our wishes to those of another.

Now could any one hesitate in their choice here? Certainly not. And yet of how many a fireside would the first one afford a true description! Would it not be a blissful change if peace and joy should find their way into every such family, and strife and contention cease? I will tell you the secret by which it may be accomplished:—Think of others first. Endeavor to make those around you happy, and you will become so yourself.

Albany, March 26th, 1851.

MISCELLANY.

VICTIMS TO SCIENCE.

HORACE CASTILLET has been gifted by Providence with good health, powerful intellect an amiable disposition, and many other perfections, accompanied by one single drawback. He had a distorted spine and crooked limbs, the consciousness of which defects prevented him from rushing into the gayety and vain dissipation which so often ensnare youth. Forsaking the flowery paths of love and pleasure, he steadily pursued the rough, up-hill road of diligent persevering study. He wrought with ardour, and already success crowned his efforts. Doubtless bitter regrets sometimes troubled his hours of solitary study, but he was amply consoled by the prospect of fortune and well-earned fame which lay before him. So he always appeared in society amiable and cheerful, enlivening the social circle with the sallies of his wit and genius. He used sometimes to say, laughing—“Fair ladies mock me, but I will take my revenge by obliging them to admire.”

One day a surgeon of high repute met Horace and said to him—“I can repair the wrong which nature has done you: profit by the late discoveries, of science, and be at the same time a great and a handsome man.” Horace consented. During some months he retired from society, and when he reappeared, his most intimate friends could scarcely recognise him.

“Yes,” said he, “it is I myself: this tall, straight, well-made man is your friend Horace Castillet. Behold the miracle which science has wrought! This metamorphosis has cost me cruel suffering. For months I lay stretched on a species of rack, and endured the tortures of a prisoner in the Inquisition. But I bore them all, and here I am, a new creature. Now, gay comrades, lead me whither you will; let me taste the pleasures of the world without any longer having to fear its railery.”

If the name of Horace Castillet is unspoken

among those of great men, if it is now sunk in oblivion, shall we not blame for this the science which he so much lauded? Deeply did the ardent young man drink of this world's poisoned springs. Farewell to study, fame, and glory! *Æsop* perhaps might never have composed his Fables had orthopedia been invented in his time. Horace Castillet lost not only his talents, but a large legacy destined for him by an uncle, in order to make amends for his natural defects. His uncle, seeing him no longer deformed in body and upright in mind, chose another heir. After having spent the best years of his life in idleness and dissipation, Horace is now poor, hopeless and miserable. He said lately to one of his few remaining friends—“I was ignorant of the treasure I possessed. I have acted like the traveller who should throw away his property in order to walk more lightly across a plain!”

The surgeon had another deformed patient, a very clever-working mechanic, whose talents made him rich and happy. When he was perfectly cured, and about to return to his work-shop, the conscription seized him, finding him fit to serve the State. He was sent to Africa, and perished there in battle.

A gentleman who had the reputation of being an original thinker, could not speak without a painful stutter; a skilful operator restored to him, the free use of his tongue, and the world, to its astonishment, discovered that he was little better than a fool. Hesitation had given a sort of originality to his discourse. He had time to reflect before he spoke. Stopping short in the middle of a sentence had occasionally a happy effect, and a half-spoken word seemed to imply more than it expressed. But when the flow of his language was no longer restrained, he began to listen to his own common-place declamation with a complacency which assuredly was not shared by his auditors.

One fine day a poor blind man was seated on the Pont-Royal in Paris, waiting for alms. The passers by were bestowing their money liberally, when a handsome carriage stopped near the mendicant, and a celebrated oculist stepped out. He went up to the blind man, examined his eye-balls, and said—“Come with me; I will restore your sight.” The beggar obeyed; the operation was successful; and the journals of the day were filled with praises of the doctor's skill and philanthropy. The ex-blind man subsisted for some time on a small sum of money which his benefactor had given him; and when it was spent, he returned to his former post on the Pont-Royal. Scarcely, however, had he resumed his usual appeal, when a policeman laid his hand on him, and ordered him to desist, on pain of being taken up.

“You mistake,” said the mendicant, producing a paper; “here is my legal license to beg, granted by the magistrates.”

“Stuff!” cried the official; “this license is for a blind man, and you seem to enjoy excellent sight.” Our hero, in despair, ran to the oculist's house, intending to seek compensation for the doubtful benefit conferred on him; but the man of science had gone on a tour through Germany, and the aggrieved patient found himself compelled to adopt the hard alternative of working for his support, and abandoning the easy life of a professed beggar.

Some years since, there appeared on the boards

of a Parisian theatre an excellent and much-applauded comic actor, named Samuel. Like many a wiser man before him, he fell deeply in love with a beautiful girl, and wrote "to offer her his hand, heart, and his yearly salary of 8000 francs. A flat refusal was returned. Poor Samuel rivalled his comrade, the head tragedian of the company, in his dolorous expressions of despair, but when, after a time, his excitement cooled down, he despatched a friend, a trusty envoy, with a commission to try and soften the hard-hearted beauty. Alas, it was in vain!

"She does not like you," said the candid ambassador; she says you are ugly; that your eyes frighten her; and besides, she is about to be married to a young man whom she loves."

Fresh exclamations of despair from Samuel.

Come," said his friend, after musing for a while, "if this marriage be, as I suspect, all a sham, you may have her yet."

"Explain yourself."

"You know that, not to mince the matter, you have a frightful squint!"

"I know it."

"Science will remove that defect by an easy and almost painless operation."

No sooner said than done. Samuel underwent the operation for strabismus, and it succeeded perfectly. His eyes were now straight and handsome; but the marriage after all, was no sham—the lady became another's, and poor Samuel was forced to seek for consolation in the exercise of his profession. He was to appear in his best character; the curtain rose, and loud hissing saluted him.

"Samuel!" "Where is Samuel?" "We want Samuel!" was vociferated from pit and gallery.

When silence was partly restored, the actor advanced to the footlights, and said—"Here I am, gentleman; I am Samuel!"

"Out with the impostor!" was the cry, and such a tumult arose, that the unlucky actor was forced to fly from the stage. He lost the grotesque expression, the comic mask, which used to set the house in a roar; he could no longer appear in his favourite characters. The operation for strabismus had changed his destiny; he was unfitted for tragedy, and was forced, after a time, to take the most insignificant parts, which barely afforded him a scanty subsistence.

A YANKEE'S POCKET PICKED.

A young Jonathan visiting Boston lately, for the purpose of seeing the wonders, had his pocket picked of ten dollars. After returning to the house where he was tarrying, he told his story. He was "rather raw," and the manner in which he explained the loss of his money, and the history he gave of himself and "relations," were well calculated to excite the mirth as well as the pity of those to whom he was talking. He entered the public room his countenance covered all over with sorrow and vexation—and exclaimed—

"Wal, here's a darned pretty reaw, anyhow! Perhaps ye wouldn't b'lieve I've lost that red mer-rocket wallet of mine, with every cent of money I had in it—ceptin about sixty cents I had in my pocket."

"Ah! how happened that?" asked the landlord.

"Wal, I can't tell how it happened; I was

never so keersful of anything as I was of that ar' wallet. I kept puttin my hand into my pocket to see if the wallet was safe, and the last time I felt for it, 'tweren't there."

"How much money did you lose?" asked one in the room.

"I reckon there was a pretty good roll for a poor fellow like me—there was ten dollars—all I had 'ceptin sixty cents, and I had tew work plague hard for it tew—up to my neck in warter mor'n half the time. But the hangnation on't it is, I hain't got nothin' to pay my bill here or to get home with. Now, ain't I in a fix? Got nothing to hum. When I get there—got to work and aim the money agin, for I've got the darndest mean set of relations of any young fellow you ever seed; wal, there isn't one of 'em that's got the first cent and dad he's gettin old now, and used to drink so like all git eout, that he hasn't got nothin. There was one of my aunts, who did have a little something, and the foolish critter married a crazy man, and I swow he put through all the money she had in short meeter, and left her without a cent or an expectation."

A laugh here rolled in from one of the listeners, when the young man replied—

"Oh, ye needn't laff, for its true, overy word on't. And now, Mr. Tavern-keeper, can I stay here tew nights or not? Don't know but I can borry money enough of a man who's down here to pay up, and don't know as he's got it tew spare. If I was tew hum I could borry it, pretty quick, for Mr. Jones—you know him, he's been down here—he'd help a feller out of sich a tarnal scrape jest as quick as he could draw the suet skins—you never seed him down here when he was short, did ye?"

"I don't think I know him," said the landlord.

"Yes, you dew; ye must know him, for he has been down to Boston twice. But that is neither here nor there, Mr. Tavern-keeper, my gal wants a glass of water, but I feel too joefied ashamed of myself tew take it tew her."

On certainly, you need not take it to her, will send a waiter into the parlor with it, or order it to her room—just which you please," answered mine host.

"But that ain't it; I would like to treat her to tumbler of lemonade or sumthin of that kind but that confounded pickpocket, or what ye may call 'em has took the starch out of my ginerosity."

This appeal was so touching that a glass of lemonade was prepared for the injured one's gal, and another for himself, and no king ever stepped upon a throne with a prouder bearing than he marched off with a glass in each hand—not willing even to place them upon a waiter. After quaffing the wholesome beverage, both retired to their apartments, and in the morning the poor fellow borrowed money enough to pay his bill. Before settling however, he begged for a deduction of his bill.

"Neow look a-her, I'm an almighty poor feller, and as sure as I get home I shall have to go rite into the water again, and ye know it is gettin cold as Greenland—and aim the money I pay yeou; now can't yeou take off a dollar?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"There" said the the raw one, as he slapped down the rhino, "darn that the thief, I wish I had seen him take the money—if I had, I swow I'd struck him in a minnit!"

HOW IKE DROPPED THE CAT.

"Now, Isaac," said Mrs. Partington, as she came into the room with a basket snugly covered over; "take our Tabby, and drop her somewhere, and see that she don't come back again, for I am sick and tired of driving her out of the butter.—She is the thieviness creatur! But don't hurt her, Isaac; only take care that she don't come back."

Ike smiled as he received his charge, and the old lady felt happy in getting rid of her trouble without recorting to violence. She would rather have endured the evil of the cat, great as that evil was, than that the poor quadruped should be inhumanly dealt with. She saw Ike depart, in the dusk of the evening, and watched him until he became lost to view in the shadow of a tree. It was a full half hour before he returned with his empty basket, and an unusual glee marked his appearance—it sparkled in his eye, it glowed in his cheek, it sported in his hair—and Ike looked really handsome, as he stood before the dame, and proclaimed the success of his mission.

"Did she drop easy, Isaac?" asked the old lady, looking upon him kindly, "and won't she come back?"

"She dropt just as easy!" said Ike, letting his basket fall on the floor, and shying his cap upon the table, somewhat endangering a glass lamp, with a wooden bottom that stood thereon; "she dropt just as easy! and she won't come back—you may bet high on that."

"But you didn't beat and mangle her, Isaac, did you? if you did I should be afraid she would come back and haunt us—I have heard of such things; and she looked anxiously in his face, but, detecting there no trace of guilt, she patted him on the head, and parted his hair, and told him to sit down and eat his supper, which the young gentleman did with considerable unction.

"Isaac! Isaac!" screamed Mrs. Partington, at the foot of the little stairsway that led to the attic where the boy slept, the next morning after the above occurrence. "Isaac!" and he soon came down stairs slowly, rubbing his eyes as he came. She had disturbed his morning nap.

"Isaac," said she, "what is that hanging yonder to a limb of our apple-tree?" One scattering tree, as she said, constituted her whole orchard unless she counted the poplar by the corner.

"I can't see so far off," said Iac, still rubbing his eye.

"Well, I should think it was a cat; and it looks to me like our Tabby. Oh, Isaac! if you have done this!" and a tone akin to horror trembled in her voice.

"I'll go and see if it's her," said Ike, as if not hearing the last part of her remark, and he dashed out of the door; but soon came back, with wonder depicted on every feature of his expressive countenance. "Oh, it's her! sure enough, it's her! sure enough, it's her!" cried he, "but I did drop her!"

"Well, how could she come there then?" and the good old lady looked puzzled.

"I'll tell you how I guess it was," said Ike, looking demurely up, "I guess she committed suicide, because we was going to drop her; they are dreadful knowing critters, you know."

"True enough," replied the old lady, while something like a tear glistened in her eye—her pity was excited; "true enough, Isaac, and I

dare say she thought hard of us for doing it, but she hadn't ought to if she'd have considered a minute."

Ike said no more, but went out and cut down the supposed suicide, with a serious manner, and buried her beneath her gallows, deep down among the roots of the old tree, and she never came back.

The old lady told the story to the minister, and Ike vouched for it, but the good man shook his head incredulously at the idea of the suicide, and looked at the boy. He very evidently understood how the cat was dropped.

TREATMENT OF MONOMANIACS.

We often find that men who have accumulated large fortunes from small beginnings, when they have passed the middle age of life, imagine themselves in poverty. A singular case has lately occurred, for the truth of which we can vouch:—

A large manufacturer, residing in the wilds of Yorkshire, one day called on the relieving officer of the district and asked relief.

Appreciating instantly the state of mind in which the well known applicant was, the officer replied. "Certainly, Mr.—, call to-morrow, and you shall have it."

Satisfied, the applicant retired, and the officer hastened to the gentleman's son, stated the case, and expressed his opinion that the relief demanded should be given.

"Give it," said the son, "and we'll return you the money."

Accordingly the wealthy manufacturer next day received relief, and for many weeks regularly applied for his five shillings per week, until at last the hallucination vanished, and his mind was completely restored. It is possible that this little anecdote contains a valuable hint as to the proper treatment of monomaniacs.

A STORY OF THE RAPPING.

A STORY of the "knockings" was told us recently, which we think too good to be lost, and therefore give it a start.

In the western part of New York the "spiritual manifestations" have created considerable excitement. Among the subjects of this excitement was a simple man, of middle age, whose bumps of marvelousness and reverence were equally large. He was, of course, superstitiously religious, and the knockings of which he had taken eager occasion to be a witness, impressed him with the utmost awe.

The man's wife, however, was a very different kind of a being. She scouted the "spirits," laughed at her husband, and took every occasion to rally him upon what she deemed his special weakness.

One morning after the "old man" had been out to hear the knockings, the remembrance of which had stolen away a night's rest, he arose early, as was his wont, to make a fire. The wife was awake, and determined on having some fun. So raising himself on her elbow, she regarded her husband not more than half dressed, certainly, as he knelt at the stove, and abstractedly poked among the ashes.

The wife applied her knuckle to the head board of the bed: rap-rap rap!

The victim started, with his hair on end, and peeped anxiously over the stove.

"Rap-rap rap!"

"Does the spirit wish to communicate with me?"

Rap-rap rap!

"Spirit, art thou on an errand of mercy to me?"

"Make up that fire, you infernal old fool! you!" shouted his wife, with mingled mirth, anger and disgust, as the trembling husband turned round and saw the saucy creature regarding him calmly, with eyes that entirely overshadowed the fear of spirits. He was mum.

A Scotch parson in his prayer, said, "Laird bless the great council, the parliament, and grant they may all hang together."

A country fellow standing by, replied, "Yes, with all my heart and the sooner the better. I'm sure it is the prayer of all good people." "But, friends," said the parson, "I don't mean so that fellow does, but pray they may all hang together in accord and concord." "No matter what cord," replied the other, "so 'tis a strong one."

A person hearing of the death of another, said to an acquaintance, "I thought you told me that S——'s fever had gone off." "I did," replied the other, "but I forgot to mention that he went off with it."

An Irish woman who had kept a little grocery was brought to her death bed, and was on the point of breathing her bedside—

"Jamie," she faintly said, "there's Mrs. Malony, she owes me six shillings."

"Och," exclaimed her husband, "Biddy darling, y're sensible to the last."

"Yas, dear—and there's Mr. M'Craw, I owe him a dollar."

"Och, be jabbers, and ye're jist as foolish as iver!"

"Och, Jamie, an' did ye niver hear uv my great spach afore the Hibernian Society?"

"No, Pat, how should I, for sure I was not on the ground."

"Well, Jamie, you see I was called upon by the Hibernian Society for a spach; and be jabbers I rose with the enthusiastse cheers of thousands and tins of thousands, with my heart overflowing with gratitude, and my eyes filled with tears, and the devil the word did I spake!"

IN AND OUT.—An Irish preacher was considerably annoyed (as many before and since have likewise been,) by persons getting up and leaving church during his sermon. His patience being exhausted, he stopped his discourse, and in a rowdy way exclaimed:

"Go on my lad, I've seen the top of your head, that's enough!"

The fellow, turning round with an angry menacing look, muttered—

"I'll see you again, sir."

"You had better see me now," replied the preacher, "for when I'm in the pulpit I fight for the Lord Jesus, but when I'm out of it I fight for myself."

A HOUSEMAID who was sent to call a gentleman to dinner, found him engaged in using his tooth-brush.

"Well, is he coming?" said the lady of the house, as the servant returned.

"Yes, Ma'am, directly," was the reply, "he's just sharpening his teeth."

A YOUNG Irishman, who had married when he was but nineteen years of age, complaining of the difficulties to which his early marriage had subjected him, said he would never marry so young again, if he lived to be as old as Methuselah!

We heard a good joke once of a party of young fellows who found fault with the butter on the boarding house table. What is the matter with it?" said the mistress. "Just ask it," said one, "it is old enough to speak for itself."

A PLAIN-SPOKEN woman recently visited a married woman, and said to her, "How do you contrive to amuse yourself?"

"Amuse!" said the other, starting; "do you not know that I have my housework to do?"

THE rankest hypocrisy of the age—to make long prayers, and neglect to ash your sidewalks.

PHILOPŒNA.—This word signifies in its common use, "friendship's forfeit." It is a Greek and Latin compound, and literally interpreted, signifies "I love the penalty."

"Yes," was the answer, "I see you have it to do; but as it is never done I concluded you must have some other ways of passing your time."

The Rural Repository.

SATURDAY, APRIL 5, 1851.

FAKIR OF AVA!!

Signor Francisco; the Renowned Prince of Wonder Workers, has been delighting our Citizens for the week past with his wonderful performances and feats in necromancy, and many mysterious works which are truly wonderful, to those who are not enlightened in the science. The Lion of Hudson; we think it has been rightly named since,

All the beautiful and fair,
Of our city were there.

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of postage paid.

J. B. K. Wirt, N. Y. \$2.00; M. B. Coxackie, N. Y. \$1.00; S. P. C. New Lebanon Centre, N. Y. \$1.00.

MARRIAGES.

In Hillsdale, 23d, by Rev. Wm. Ostrander, Mr. Harvey Strever to Miss Caroline G. Granger, both of Hillsdale.

DEATHS.

In this city, Alton Z. son of Harvey and Mary Macy, aged 8 years, 11 months, and 18 days.

In this on the 27th ult. Darius D. son of Darius D. and Catherine E. Keller aged 2 years and 15 days.

In this city, 25th, ult. William Edgar, son of the late William Surfleet, aged 20 years, 5 months and 21 days.

In the town of Livingston, on the 24th ult. Philip R. Hicks aged 51 years 11 months.

In Stuyvesant, on the 22d, ult. Elizabeth, wife of Joel Gilbert.

In New York, on Thursday, 20th, ult. Charles E. only child of Charles E. and Charity A. Cannon, aged 6 months.



Original Poetry.

For the Rural Repository.

TO REV. MRS. M. P. WILLIAMS.

On her leaving her native Isle, for California.

BY MRS. M. L. GARDINER.

MARY, when on a distant shore
As twilight throws her curtain round,
When mingled with old ocean's wave
Comes the familiar pleasing sound,
Of home, and home scenes, when the tears
Gush forth like living jets of woe:
May faiths strong power calm all our fears,
And check the fountains rising flow.

By pointing where is never known
The gushing tear, the bitter sigh;
The anguish of a farewell groan,
The thought that those we love can die.
But an eternity of bliss
Where cherished ones together meet,
Where, sweeter than a Parent's kiss
Husband's or children's far more sweet.

Are joys that never can decay,
Are treasures, where no rust can come,
In twilight's hour then look away,
Dear Mary to your heavenly home—
Your blessed mother's spirit there
Often to earth may wend its way;
You'll feel it mingling in the air,
You'll feel it round your senses play.

Oh, sweetly you will converse hold,
With her, you watched with so much love,
The joy while here, can ne'er be told,
And never end in heaven above.
Go then, fulfil your mission high,
Go to your husband, toil with him,
Go, save the sinner doomed to die,
Go gain the promised diadem.

Sag Harbor, L. I.

Written for the Flag of our Union.

THE EMIGRANT'S FAREWELL.

BY LUCY A. BROCKSBANK.

ADIEU! happy England—loved land of my birth,
Dear island of plenty, of beauty and mirth;
Thine equal I never again may behold,
Earth boasts not a nation, more valiant, more bold.

Other lands may boast of beauty—
Balmy air—and azure skies;
But, dear England! thou art ever
Queen of beauty in my eyes.

Columbia waves her stripes and stars,
And claims proud Freedom's name;
But hark! upon her brother's limbs
Clanks slavery's galling chain!

Old Greece may ope her musty tomes,
And talk of grandeur fled—
Her Plato and her Socrates,
Her ne'er forgotten dead.

Fair Italy may wreath her lyre
In laurels fresh and bright,
And laud her stars-bespangled skies—
That crown the brow of night.

But fairer still, sweet garden Isle,
The flowery hedges gay,
Thy crumbling towers, with ivy crowned—
Thy ruined abbey's grey.

Yes, dear England!—well I love thee,
Better far, than tongue may tell,
Yet, to kindred, and to country,
I must bid a long farewell.

THE HOURS.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

THE hours are viewless angels,
That still go gliding by,
And bear each moment's record up
To Him who sits on high.

The poison or the nectar,
Our hearts' deep flower-cups yield,
A sample still they gather swift
And leave us in the field.

And some fly on by pinions
Of gorgeous gold and blue,
And some fly on with drooping wing
Of sorrow's darker hue.

And as we spend each minute
That God to us has given,
The deeds are known before His throne;
The tale is told in heaven.

And we who walk among them,
As one by one departs,
Think not that they are hovering
Forever round our hearts.

Like summer bees that hover
Around the idle flowers,
They gather every act and thought,
These viewless angel hours.

And still they steal the record,
And bear it far away;
Their mission flight by day or night,
No magic power can stay.

So teach me Heavenly Father!
To spend each flying hour,
That as they go they may not show
My heart a poison flower.

THE BLIND MOTHER.

SAY, shall I never see thy face, my child!
My heart is full of feelings stranger and wild;
A mother's hopes and beautiful joys are mine.
My soul is filled with gushings half divine;
And never more, my child, am I alone,
Since thy young heart doth echo to mine own,

But shall I never see thee? can it be,
That all may gaze, my precious boy, on thee,
And yet the heart that loves the most, forego
The dearest pleasure other mothers know?
This, this is anguish—anguish refined!
Oh, God, forgive me! Baby, I am blind!

Yes, yes—I never, never knew before,
The depth of my affliction—oh, for power,
For one short thrilling moment, child, to gaze
On thy sweet tiny face, that others praise;
And yet I must not murmur: God is kind;
But this is darkness—now I feel I'm blind!

Nay, do not start, my child, it was a tear
That wet thy brow; thy mother, boy, is here;
And though I may not see thee, yet I feel
Thy velvet cheek against my bosom steal,
And none can harm thee there, nor hand unkind
Shall touch my darling, even though I'm blind!

List—list—it is thy father's step I hear;
Now let me smooth my brow, press back the tear
He shall not find me weeping, when so blessed,
With thee, my darling, cradled on my breast;
But could I only see thee! Yet God's will
Be done! Peace, throbbing heart, be still!

We are alone again, he never guessed
What yearning anguish filled thy mother's breast,
When he did praise thy feature half defined,
He quite forgot that his young wife was blind!
And yet when his fond arm was round us thrown,
His lip half trembled when it met my own.

Oh, should he e'er repent him he hath wed
A being burdened with a woe so dread;
Should he grow tired of one so frail and weak,
My heart, in that dark hour, would joy to break;

Or should his lip grow cold, his hand unkind,
God help me, baby, indeed I'm blind!

But shall I never see thee? Yes, my boy,
Some future hour my heart shall know that joy.
It may not be on earth, but in the skies,
I yet shall gaze, my darling, in thine eyes;
So I will patient be: for God is kind,
For in yon heaven not one eye is blind!

HUMAN FRAILTY.

PHILIP FRENEAU.

DISASTERS on disasters grow,
And those which are not sent we make;
The good we rarely find below,
Or, in the search, the road mistake.

The object of our fancied joys
With eager eye we keep in view:
Possession, when acquired, destroys
The object, and the passion too.

The hat that hid Belinda's hair
Was once the darling of her eye;
'Tis now dismiss'd, she knows not where;
Is laid aside, she knows not why.

Life is to most a nauseous pill,
A treat for which they dearly pay:
Let's take the good, avoid the ill,
Discharge the debt and walk away.

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